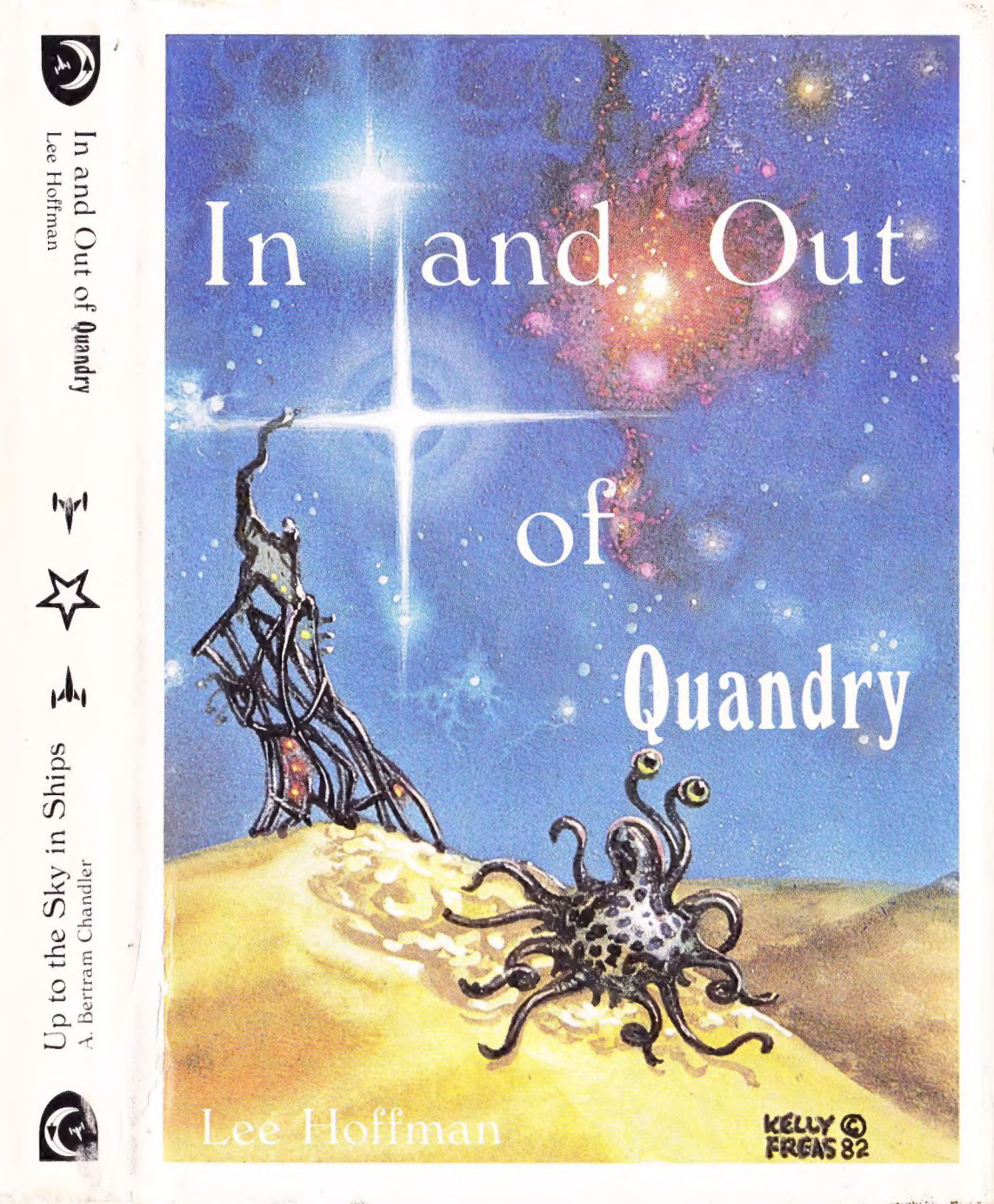
In and Out of Quandry
Lee Hoffman
Up to the Sky in Ships
A. Bertram Chandler
In and Out of Quandry
Lee Hoffman
KELLY FREAS ©82

In and Out of Quandry is published to commemorate Lee Hoffman's appearance as Fan Guest of Honor at Chicon IV, the fortieth world science fiction convention. This book contains several articles and essays on fannish topics, including "The Bluffer's Guide to Publishing a Fanzine" (a description of Hoffman's career as a fan editor), and the true story of the discovery of Steam.

Lee Hoffman founded *Quandry*, described by historians of science fiction fandom as the leading fanzine of the early 50's, and edited most of its thirty issues; after leaving active fandom and spending several years in print-related jobs she became a full-time writer of science fiction and Westerns, one of which won the Spur Award.

Cover by Kelly Freas

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PRESS

CHICON IV

Up to the Sky in Ships

A Bertram Chandler

In and Out of Gravity

Lee Harmon

In and Out of QUANDRY

In and Out of QUANDRY

Lee Hoffman

A CHICON IV PUBLICATION

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Acknowledgments

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"Soundless Evening," from *Again, Dangerous Visions,* edited by Harlan Ellison; © 1972 by Harlan Ellison.

Lee Hoffman is Fan Guest of Honor at the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention, Chicon IV. Instead of explaining in the abstract who LeeH is and why she is being honored, this collection of several samples of her work is a demonstration.

Fan writing is a peculiar entity, generally having little in common with professional fiction writing. Fan writing can be somber or witty (and even humorous, though that is rarer), expository or abstruse; it can make the momentous commonplace and the trivial momentous, according to the desire of the writer. Commonly, fan *writing* is a reflection of *being* a fan (as opposed to the many people who simply read science fiction) in a world mostly populated with people who aren't.

Lee Hoffman, however, is also a professional writer, although she is much better known for Westerns than for science fiction. The selection of pieces here reflects this double identity; there is autobiographical material, descriptions of other fans, relatively serious fiction, cockeyed views of the mundane world, and descriptions of out-of-the-way mundane interests. Since she first became known to fandom as a writer/editor, some of the

more remarkable contributions of others to her fanzine, *Quandry*, are included. Since all of her Westerns were book-length, no sample of them has been included here; all of the pieces are presented uncut except for the shortening of a quotation from another work.

Two items should be explained for the benefit of those unfamiliar with detailed Hoffmanalia:

- *CHOOOG*, the source for several of the pieces, is the official abbreviation for *The Chattahoochee, Okefenokee, & Ogeechee Occasional Gazette*. *CHOOOG* and *Self-Preservation* were both published by Lee Hoffman for inclusion in mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, although several issues of *CHOOOG* declare that they are combined with several other assorted titles.
- "Larry", mentioned in several of the articles, is Larry Shaw, who was married to Hoffman for several years.

Several people helped make this book possible. I'd particularly like to thank Bruce Pelz, from whose archives most of the magazines came; Rick Katze and Mark Olson, for typing help and general nudging; John Mitchell, our Chicon liaison, who also read and commented on the selections; George Flynn, our indefatigable proofreader, stylist, and repository of obscure but necessary facts; and my assistant/apprentice (next time *he* gets to do this mishegoss), Greg Thokar.

—Chip Hitchcock
Cambridge, Mass.
June 15, 1982

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The Bluffer's Guide to Publishing a Fanzine

ONCE UPON A TIME, long before Women's Lib (albeit somewhat after Women's Suffrage), there was First Fandom. After that, there were Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Fandoms. According to Bob Silverberg's reckoning, in 1950 Fifth Fandom was petering out, and Sixth Fandom was beginning to bud.

I didn't know that at the time. In fact, until June of 1950, I hadn't heard of fandom at all. I didn't even know there were science fiction magazines. (I did know of science fiction. I read every SF anthology I could get my hands on in the public library, but my mother always told me that nice girls didn't read pulp magazines. I wonder if she was right?)

It was, in a way, bad poetry that discovered fandom to me. I was then going through that phase of writing abominable poetry that so many teenagers suffer. I chanced to show something of mine to a friend named Walt Kessel.

In reaction, or maybe it was revenge, Walt loaned me a little mimeographed magazine sort of thing that had some old poetry of his in it. The thing was called *Cosmic Dust,* was dated in the early 1940's, and was published by Walt himself.

Intrigued, I made the fatal mistake of asking him what it was. He replied that if I would absolutely promise to return it, he would lend me something that would explain it all. I crossed my heart and spit three times over my shoulder, and he loaned me a copy of *The Fancyclopedia.*

Wow!

This was a doorway not only into summer but into a whole mysterious new world. It was (as was to be expected) amazing, astounding, fantastic, a thrilling wonder, perhaps even an out-of-this-world-adventure.

I wanted to read a prozine, but even more that that I wanted to see, to touch, to read fanzines. I wanted to publish a fanzine. However, since I had scarcely seen any, I decided to employ admirable restraint. I meant to learn my way around fandom first. I would not rush into this business half-cocked.

I dashed down to the corner drug store and bought a copy of *Amazing,* which had a fanzine review column in it (and was the only prozine they had in stock). I sent off grubby nickels and dimes to the faneds listed in it. (In those days the typical fanzines cost 10 or 15 cents a copy, including the 2 or 3 cents postage.)

Most of the fanzines I sent for had already folded by the time the reviews hit the stands. Some editors returned my money. Some were never heard from again. A few actually sent fanzines. (I remember one of the first to arrive was a half-sized publication called *Spaceship* edited by a fan named Bob Silverberg.)

I was fascinated. I wanted to publish my own zine. But I was practicing restraint. Like that. My admirable restraint lasted about a week. Then it snapped, and I found myself at the local A. B. Dick dealer's, asking how one went about mimeographing a fanzine.

The A. B. Dick rep hadn't the vaguest idea what a fanzine might be, but he was sincerely interested in mimeography, and

he gladly explained to me that stencils came in quires and paper in reams and like that. He sold me a few of each in the cheapest grade that A. B. Dick handled. The stencils were pale green. The paper was colorful pulpy 16-pound stock that accepted mimeoing on both sides very nicely and would self-destruct in a matter of years (though I didn't know that at the time).

Home again, I dragged the old Underwood out of the attic and proceeded to stencil a fanzine. I called it *Quandry*. (Don't ask me why. It has to do with Robert Benchley.)

Then I realized I would need a mimeograph.

If I had ever seen a mimeo, I didn't know about it. But I learned that there was one at the Naval Reserve Armory down the street. Our next door neighbor was a Big Wheel with the Reserve, so I got to use their mimeo.

It was a fancy one, and a kind man in uniform showed me how to attach the stencils and how to feed in the paper and how to turn the handle. Then he left me to my own devices. Nobody told me you were supposed to put in ink, too! (This proved fortunate, in view of the quality of the material in that first issue.)

Once my illegible contribution to the fannish world of letters was collated and stapled, I mailed it off to all those people whose addresses appeared in the lettercol and the review column in *Amazing*. Then I sat back and awaited reaction.

Walt Kessel was the first to react. He was astonished. But if that was the way I felt about it, he was willing to see me along the next step into the depths of fandom. He gave me a stack of fanzines from the early forties, when he had been fannishly active, some lettering guides and styli, and all the old material he'd had on hand for *Cosmic Dust* when he got drafted out of fandom some years earlier. He even volunteered to teach me how to use a mimeo.

Wow!

At the time I was attending a local junior college, majoring in backstage theater. Our theater involved community people as well as students, and Walt (on 52-20 at the time) was stage manager. We pretty much had the run of the school and its facilities. (I think I was the only student to have keys to the school and a private office.)

Walt introduced me to the mimeo in the basement, an A. B. Dick 90. He explained about putting ink in it. So the second issue of Q was almost legible. But not quite. Those mimeos were tricky. Legibility was not the most common feature of fanzines in those days. Perhaps it is just as well. The kindest thing Rog Phillips could find to say about Q #2 in his review was that the paper was quite satisfactory.

Among that clutch of collector's-item fanzines Walt gave me were copies of *Vampire,* Joe Kennedy's fanzine. JoKe became one of my fannish heroes. I suspect *Vamp* was the primary influence on me as a faned. I dug it. I sent Joe my fanzine.

Joe, being wise in the ways of fandom, didn't trust Q to last a whole year. He wouldn't send me an entire dollar for a year's subscription. But, being a Nice Guy, he did send me two bits for a two-and-a-half-issue sub. (And he got two and a half issues.)

I sent Q #2 to all of Walt Kessel's old mailing list. And a lot of retired fans crawled far enough out of gafia to respond. It was encouraging as hell. Eagerly, I pressed on with issue #3.

Publishing monthly had a lot of advantages, among them the fact that it helped me put my past quickly behind me. By the fifth issue, Q was generally legible (as legible went in those days). With the sixth issue, it started getting good. (There had been a few worthwhile items in earlier issues, but #6 featured Bob Tucker, Redd Boggs, Gerry de la Ree, Harry Warner, Sam Basham, Alfred Lane, R. J. Banks, J. T. Oliver, Orma McCormack and my brother (his only fanzine appearance).

For issue #6, we also had a technological experiment. Walt Kessel, who had designed the logo Q used from issue #2 on, cut rubber mats of the logo and a couple of heads for us. They were real neat and a great idea, only I hadn't the foggiest notion of how to duplicate them. I didn't have any equipment for that sort of thing. I couldn't afford to (a) buy any equipment, or (b) have them run off professionally. I ended up wrapping a rag around a smooth-sided soda bottle, drenching it with stamp-pad ink, rolling it onto the mat and rubber-stamping each page separately. It sort of worked. After a fashion. But not remarkably well. So with #7, Q went back to all mimeo.

In issue #7, Q had two columnists: Wilkie Connor and Robert Silverberg. With #8, we added another columnist....

Walt Willis appeared suddenly. One day I found a small letterpress fanzine in the mail. It had come all the way from Northern Ireland. Fandom at the moment was in one of its less international phases. There was less trans-Atlantic fanac than there had been in previous times, or would be in the near future. I was impressed as hell about receiving a fanzine from all the way over there. I was impressed as hell by the fanzine. It was a handsome thing with a striking cover that employed multi-colour ink. Inside it was all wit and brilliance. It bore the simple title *Slant* and there was an indication that the editor wanted to trade zines with me.

Wow!

I sent him a copy of Q and he responded by asking me if he could do a column for me. Yes, he did. He really did! Walt Willis asked me if he could write for my fanzine.

Wow!

So Q #8 carried the first installment of *The Harp That Once Or Twice*. And from then on, how could Q miss?

Well, unfortunately #9 lapsed back into pure illegibility. I

was sick and a friend ran it off for me. He lacked the fannish touch with a mimeo. But he kept us on schedule. (The friend was Hank Rabey. The last I heard of him, he had moved across the country and changed his name.)

With #10 I was back at the crank, and trying another technical innovation. I adapted Willis's multi-colour ink process to mimeo, at the same time dropping the 'u'. Unlike the rubber-stamped cuts, this worked well. In fact, it impressed the A. B. Dick rep, who said he'd never seen anything like it before. (The A. B. Dick rep had become quite interested in my project, and I gave him a copy of each issue. He never commented on the contents, only the mimeography.)

By my reckoning, *Q* #13 was the first anniversary issue. I wanted the *Quannish* to be something special. I solicited material from here, there and everywhere. And money, too. A number of fans chipped in to help finance the issue. I cut stencils like crazy. The *Quannish* ran 99 pages, plus cover. (Nowadays this may not sound like much, but in the times of manual typewriters, and impecunious fans, it was a biggy.)

My stapler wouldn't think of piercing a copy.

The A. B. Dick rep came to the rescue by stitching the issue for me at cost. Then I stuffed the copies into the addressed envelopes and took them to the Post Office....

While I was in production, the A. B. Dick rep had run out of my usual 16-lb paper. Being a Nice Guy, he let me have a couple of reams of 20-lb stock at the same price. I had got it mixed in with the other stuff. As a result some of the copies were slightly heavier than others. And they were right on the borderline in weight between Third Class and Parcel Post. So this kindly postal clerk stood there weighing each copy separately, helping me sort the ones that would have to go Parcel Post into the envelopes addressed to the nearest recipients, to save a

few cents in postage. (I didn't have many cents in those days.)

Now, as I mentioned earlier, all this was taking place before Women's Lib became The Talk of the Town. In those dark ages, a major complaint in fandom was the shortage of femfans. There were some, but not enough to go around. Young male fans in search of intellectual companionship often complained that all the active femfans came into fandom on the coattails of male fans (as girl friends and/or wives) and were subsequently unavailable. At the same time that they were voicing these complaints, they seemed to be taking a perverse chauvinistic pride in the predominant maleness of fandom.

Lee is an ambiguous name. Non-committal. Throughout my first year of fan publishing, I made a point of never making a point of being female. This was, indeed, on purpose. It wasn't too difficult. I was in an isolated section of the country, in face-to-face contact with only a couple of other fans. I swore a few close associates, like Shelby Vick, to secrecy. I let the rest of Q's readers draw their own conclusions. In typical male chauvinistic manner, most concluded that the editor of a successful fanzine must be male.

Ah ha!

There it was, the Fall of 1951, and I was off to my first convention—the Nolacon, in New Orleans. Shelby Vick met my train. He and Paul Cox (of *Time Stream*) and I were all early arrivals. Together, we plotted a climax for my ruse. We would measure the success of the game by its effect on Bob Tucker (He of Many Hoaxes).

I quote from my own conreport in Q #14:

> Paul Cox was the one who spotted [Tucker] signing in. Immediately he semaphored the news to Shelby Vick and myself: "Room 858." Immediately we set forth through the mad labyrinth of the St. Charles in search of the eighth

floor. And there it was right on top of the seventh. Down we plunged to the far end of a corridor, to The Room.

Shelby, forearmed, was wearing a T-shirt with the words "Shelby Vick" emblazoned across the front of it, and "You are now behind Shelby Vick" on the back. Cox and I, on the other hand, had removed our identification cards with malice aforethought.

Knock, knock.

Mari Beth opened the door and welcomed us in. Innocently grinning, we entered. Tucker himself, thinking that he had eluded the Youngfan element, had stripped to the waist and was washing up after his drive. Trivial expressions of welcome were tossed about in the customary manner. Then ShelVy spoke: "You know who I am?"

Tucker glanced at the shirt and replied in the affirmative.

"And of course you know Lee Hoffman?" ShelVy continued.

Tucker looked at me. He looked at Paul. Then again at me and said, "Yes." Then he paused, looked again at Paul, and said, "No." With an air of surprise, he raised a hand toward Paul and said, "You're...?"

ShelVy raised a hand toward me and said, "Her!"

Tucker paused and stared at me.

Breathlessly we awaited a witty comment, a morsel of that famed LeZ humor. Then Tuck spoke....

"I'll be damned."

In the next issue, Tucker told his version of this story:

Tired, weary and disheveled from a long day's drive, I slammed the door of my room, flang the suitcase into a far corner (where it promptly burst open and spilled my cargo

of dirty books), stripped off my clothes and jumped into the tub. Three waterbugs, a centipede, and a dozing bellboy jumped out. Coaxing water from the faucet drip by drip, I waited until there was a full inch covering the bottom and then lay back to soak in luxury. This was to be my only moment of peace and contentment in sweltering hurly-burly New Orleans.

There came a sound at the door, the peculiar kind of half-hearted knock that could only be caused by a timid fan getting up the nerve to kick the door in. I groaned and realized the same old routine had begun. Stepping out of the tub, I reached for my trousers, paused, and dropped them again, knowing it would be the same old bunch—Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans—wanting to start a poker game. I wrapped a towel around my middle, began searching my luggage for a deck of cards, and yelled a bored invitation to enter.

Three strangers trooped in wearing abashed grins, a girl and two men. The girl looked as if she were desperately searching for better company than the characters trailing her. I silently sympathized, and stared at the trio, the meanwhile dripping soap and water on the rug. The two gentlemen stared at the towel and giggled, while the girl looked at the puddle on the rug.

"Hello," one character said.

"Hello," another character said.

"Hello," the girl echoed.

Sadly, I shook my head. The same old wornout greeting.

"We're faaaaans," the tallest character announced proudly.

"The hell you say," I shot back, astounded.

"Yep." He was wearing a white T-shirt on which had been printed I AM SHELBY VICK. Turning to face me, he asked, "Know who I am?"

I gazed at the shirt. "Bela Lugosi?"

He waggled his head, vaguely disappointed.

"Richard Shaver?" I guessed again. "Claude Degler? Ray Palmer?"

"I am Shelby Vick," he exclaimed then in clear, ringing tones.

"The hell you say," I shot back, astounded.

I-am-Shelby-Vick then flicked a finger at his two conspirators. "You know Lee Hoffman, of course?"

"Of course." I threw a bored glance at the remaining character and yawned, "Hello, Lee."

"No, no!" contradicted I-am-Shelby-Vick. "Not him . . . HER!"

Mustering what dignity I retained, I picked up my towel from the floor and stalked into the bathroom, flanging shut the door.

The end of my first year in fandom also marked the end of my junior college education. Suddenly free, unemployed and living under my parents' roof, I plunged full time into fandom. I even got my own mimeo.

I had this whole thirty-five dollars. My life's savings, or more precisely what was left of it after the Nolacon. I went to the A. B. Dick man, eager to own a machine of my own. He didn't have anything for sale at that price range. But again he did the Nice Guy bit, assembling me a machine out of the cast-off trade-ins in the A. B. Dick basement, and selling it to me for my $35. It was a Speed-O-Print model L, and it did good service for many a year. Eventually, I acquired Silverberg's *Spaceship* mimeo (not the half-size one, but a full-size Pilot, Goldsmith's label equivalent of a Speedy L) and traded the old Speedy to

Barry Kornfeld for a banjo (which was later borrowed and never returned).

So there I was with a mimeo of my own, and Sixth Fandom was in full swing. Max Keasler, a mad genius of the first water, was publishing *Fanvariety/Opus.* Harry Warner was writing *All Our Yesterdays.* Walt Willis had initiated Proxyboo, Ltd. Arthur Clarke came to the Midwestcon at Beastly's-on-the-Bayou and ate all the strawberries. Room 770 was legend. Bloch presented Tucker with the first brick for the Tucker Hotel. Everyone was asking Who Sawed Courtney's Boat. Shelby Vick inaugurated the campaign to bring Willis to the Chicon ("WAW with the crew in '52"), the forerunner of TAFF. And Walt Willis introduced Bob Shaw to the world at large.

Walt, fed up with my typos, began stenciling his own column. BoSh would illustrate it. They'd rip the stencils off the backing sheets and air mail them to me, cutting down the lead time (and the typos) terrifically.

Shelby's campaign was a success. Willis landed in America. And Harlan Ellison invented the birdbath. Sixth Fandom reached its climax and Seventh Fandom loomed on the horizon.

And I got a job. I was working from nine a.m. to six p.m. six days a week. With that Q began to stagger. In a final blaze of glory, issues #27 and 28 were combined into one, consisting entirely of *The Harp Stateside.* Issue #29 managed to stumble into fandom, presenting Bloch denying all. And then Q collapsed.

I was an old fan, and tired. Too tired to carry on. But meanwhile Savannah had produced another fan to lift the fallen banner. Charles Wells guest-edited the last issue of Q for me. Number 30 was the one with the black border. I walked around a horse and disappeared, never to be heard from again.

And Harlan proceeded to proclaim the advent of Seventh Fandom.

So that's a thumbnail sketch of the life and death of a fanzine.

It was a hell of a lot of fun while it lasted. And from it all, I have drawn several conclusions about the way to publish a successful fanzine without really trying:

1) Make it legible.
2) Make it frequent.
3) Get Walt Willis as lead columnist.

—*Fanhistorica* Vol. 1 No. 1, May 1976

A Terrifying Tale

"SCIENCE-FICTION?" HE REPEATED the words after me. "Oh, you mean that Buck Rogers stuff?" He fingered the copy of the *Quandry* as tho he were trying to avoid opening it. "And this . . . ?"

"It's a science-fiction fanzine," I said brightly. "That is, a fanzine."

"Fan? Like movie fans?"

"Not exactly," I told him. "You see, there are hundreds of people all over the world who are interested in the same type of literature, science-fiction and fantasy, and the only link between some of them is the post office. They write to each other and lots of them publish fanzines. Some of the clubs distribute the zines of the members to each other."

"How many of these clubs are there?" he questioned.

"Dozens," I replied. "Some national. . . ."

"I thot fandom was the only national club," he interrupted.

"No," I explained. "Fandom is the whole of the thing... all the clubs and individuals combined."

"Oh," he sighed, but there was no understanding in the sigh.

"And there are conventions too," I went on.

"Conventions?" he asked. "But who goes to them?"

"The fen and pro writers and editors and such," I said.

"Pro?" he questioned. "You mean professional?"

"Uh, huh," I replied.

"You mean they actually go to these conventions?" he asked doubtfully.

"Sure," I was slightly indignant, "and some of the prozines have columns reviewing the fanzines."

"Prozines?" he puzzled. "Are they those dime novels?"

"Not exactly," I moaned, "They are pulps. You've seen them; *Astounding Science-Fiction... Imagination...*"

"I read a story once," he said. "A man from Mars kidnapped a scientist's pretty daughter and stole the plans to a super cosmic bomb. He put the girl in a pit that was guarded by a big monster with eyes like a bug. But a young scientist rescued her and got back the bomb stuff. Is that the kind of story you mean?"

"Not exactly," I groaned. "A lot of the stf in the pros is written by technicians; men who know what they're talking about. Some of it you need a college degree to understand."

"And you read *that stuff*???" He stared at me.

"Uh huh," I gulped self-consciously.

He politely tried to budge the conversation. "This—er—*Quandry,*" he motioned with the fmz, "what is it for?"

"It's a fanzine," I grinned gleefully.

"Do you sell it?"

"I try to," I replied.

"And," he smiled knowingly, "you make a nice profit...."

"Hah!" I snarled, baring my fangs. "I should live so long. People don't make money with fmz. Getting out one of these things takes your last pennies, your few free hours and your life's blood!"

"Then why?????" he asked, appalled.

"For the egoboo and the pleasure," I replied somewhat innocently.

"Pleasure??? Doing *THIS*???" he exclaimed, waving the zine. He stared at me for a moment, cleared his throat and gulped, "I think I gotta go now." He grabbed his hat, flung the zine onto the floor and exited mumbling, "Buck Rogers!"

And that's the last thing I remember, Doctor....

—*Quandry* #3, October 1950

Dialogue

The servants have been dismissed and the two men are alone at last. PONTIUS PILATE *wipes the wine from his mouth with the back of his hand and leans back, looking disconsolately at the wine cup. He speaks wearily:*

PILATE: Barabbas, Barabbas, Barabbas, that's all I hear from every side these days. You'd think the man was another godsdamned Spartacus from the way the populace is ranting in the streets.

HEROD ANTIPAS *finishes refilling his own cup before he speaks. He shrugs.*

HEROD: There's nothing *I* can do about it. After all, as the king of Galilee, I've got an image to maintain. I've got to abide by the laws and customs of the people. You're the Roman governor. *You* do something.

PILATE: My friend, Rome can't just act—can't do just anything it wants to. We've got an image to maintain too, you know. Laws and customs, Roman justice and all that. We've got enough trouble trying to keep these shepherds of yours satisfied with their lot the way things are. If we

start interfering with your ancient Jewish customs we're liable to have a full-scale rebellion on our hands.

HEROD: Well, this custom of allowing the masses to demand the prisoner of their choice to be released unto them at Passover is far older than the power of the Herods. There isn't anything at all I can do about it now.

You've no doubt they'll choose Barabbas?

PILATE: Small chance. If you'd been here around Jerusalem a little longer you'd have heard the talk yourself. Believe me, he has the followers. Like that blasted Spartacus, he's a symbol to the "down-trodden masses". Action against the oppressors—rebellion—Judea for the Judeans and all that. Hades, Herod, can't you keep these people of yours content?

HEROD: I do all I can. But having soldiers all over Judea in those clanking Roman uniforms behaving like they own every grain of sand in the desert makes it hard for me. It's this ancient tradition of freedom and self-rule—the same business that Passover is in celebration of—exodus from Egypt and the escape from bondage.

PILATE: It's a rotten time of year to have Barabbas, of all people, in the cells, I'll admit. But we had no choice in that matter—been chasing the bastard all over the desert for months. A damned elusive pig, you know, what with all these chauvinistic shepherds of yours giving him shelter and protection at every turn. I'll be damned if I want to open the gate now and just let him walk out to the cheering of the crowds.

HEROD: So? Why not just have his throat cut while he's in the cells? Seems simple enough to me.

PILATE: It may seem simple to you. Gods, man, don't you understand anything about the workings of the popular

mind? Rome has spent years and fortunes on propaganda, building up an image of Roman justice. Let word of something like that get around in a hotbed of rebellion like Judea and we'd topple the whole structure in this part of the Empire. Herod, my friend, whether you're aware of it or not, this little oasis of yours is the sorest trouble spot in the Empire right now. We've had more trouble trying to make your shepherds content with Roman law . . . to make them appreciate the glory of the Roman Empire and have a patriotic sense of being a part of it. . . . Look, Herod, you're a Jew, you've lived with these people, you should be able to think like them and to understand them.

HEROD: Think like a dirty shepherd off the desert!

PILATE: Well, I mean, you know all the customs and that sort of thing. Can't you think of any nice way out of this mess? Some way of keeping them from demanding Barabbas?

HEROD: Something in keeping with our customs, eh? Something like. . . . Ah ha! A goat.

PILATE: A goat?

HEROD: Yes, the old custom of the scapegoat . . . a substitute. Perhaps you could substitute someone—offer the people a choice between Barabbas and someone else—someone they'd feel even more strongly about.

PILATE: Is there such a person?

HEROD: Perhaps "the King of the Jews". . . .

PILATE: Not *you,* my friend! Besides, I'm not at all sure the people . . . .

HEROD: Not me. No, of course not me! I mean this Galilean prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, I think he calls himself. King of the Jews, that's what he claims to be. I hear he's in Jerusalem now for the festivities—or rather over in Bethany. Some of the servants were telling me this

morning when I arrived . . . seems he came into town on a jackass at the head of a small group of followers and the peasantry held a bit of a triumph for him — honored him with palm leaves and such.

PILATE: Oh yes, I think I heard something about that.

HEROD: He seems to have quite a following. Colorful sort of character, I've heard all kinds of tall tales about him from the servants. Cures the plague, raises the dead, foresees the future, that sort of thing.

PILATE: So what? Prophets like that are a denarius a dozen, especially during the holy days.

HEROD: But this one has such a large and faithful following. Teaches a curious line, too — peace.

PILATE: Peace! And he has followers among the Jews? Hades, man, we've been trying to teach these bastard barbarians of yours Roman Peace for years without a measure of success. Just who is this Jesus anyway?

HEROD: According to the servants he was begotten directly by *(he hesitates, then pronounces the name)* Yahweh on some young country girl — got her into a bit of trouble with her husband, you know. Anyway, he's a relative of that John the Dunker we had the trouble with a while back. The two of them are supposed to have studied at the Essene colony out in the desert for a while, and then they either left voluntarily or got kicked out, and started bumming around Judea spreading their own version of the Essene teachings.

The way Jesus tells it, the downtrodden masses, as you call them, are the chosen of *(he hesitates at the name again)* Yahweh, and all their misery is His way of testing them. If they bear up under their troubles and don't complain, when they die their spirits become godlike and rise to a heavenly estate. The kingdom of heaven shall belong to

the poor, the meek shall inherit the earth, and the persecuted are blessed. Things like that.

They say he makes good wine out of water, too. I've been thinking of catching his act while I'm in town.

PILATE: If he really is succeeding in teaching these shepherds to be quiet and behave under their "yoke of Roman oppression", to quote Barabbas, he sounds like the kind of man we need here in the provinces. You say he really has a mass of followers with a line like that?

HEROD: All over Judea.

PILATE: I suppose in a way it's a good compromise for these proud shepherds. They're an eternally dissatisfied lot, but rebellion and change take more than just dissatisfaction. You think your Jews really might choose him in place of Barabbas?

HEROD: Hard to say for sure.

PILATE: It would be a choice between the direct action against the oppressors that Barabbas symbolizes, and the maintenance of status quo—and the security of Roman rule—with the added compensation of golden hope for the future after death that this Jesus teaches.

HEROD: Which would you choose?

PILATE: I'd pick action myself, but of course, I'm a Roman. What about you?

HEROD: I'm a Jew, and we Jews are a proud and warlike people, you know.

PILATE: Which puts us back where we started.

You know, Herod, we just might be able to work something out with this Jesus. Supposing we were to play it like this: offer them a choice between Barabbas and Jesus and if they take Jesus everything is fine and we crucify Barabbas according to schedule. But if they choose Barabbas, we build something out of the Jesus business.

Put it to his followers that we are really on their side and don't want to crucify him at all, but the rebel lot has forced us into it. We just might be able to cause a schism in the ranks of the masses—give them something to fight about among themselves. Give them an image of this Jesus as a martyr. Rome, of course, will have to keep her skirts clean. We Romans will tolerate the followers of Jesus in our typically decent Roman way and lay all the persecution to the rebel factions. Keep it on a level of Jew against Jew. As long as we can keep the dissatisfied Jews from uniting, we'll be able to handle any trouble that arises.

HEROD: You're positive nothing can go wrong? I'm not sure I like it.

PILATE: That's the Jew in you, my friend. You've got to keep in mind that you're the king of Galilee by the grace of Rome. If you want to stay king, you've got to think like a Roman, not a provincial. Hades, man, if you're right about Jesus' followers they'll pick him over Barabbas and the whole problem will be over.

HEROD: Yes, I suppose they may, at that. I hope they do. I really would like to catch this schtick with the water into wine.

—Self-Preservation #3, Summer 1962

Buying a Swordcane

WE WALKED PAST THE Weapons Shop yesterday, and it reminded me of the time I was there on business. It was just a few days before Christmas, and I had decided to give Larry a swordcane in honor of that holiday. Where to get a swordcane in New York, I wondered.

Then I remembered the Weapons Shop. It was a small, walk-down store located in a spacewarp between Broadway and Madison Avenue. (Manhattan is a deathtrap of space-, time-, and other dimensional-warps. Every time I go over there I run into one or more of them. I am the only person who can take *any* uptown subway from South Ferry to 42nd Street, get off at 42nd Street, get lost in the subway station and exit on Eighth Avenue.)

So I went looking for the Weapons Shop, and I guess it was one of my good days, because I found it. I stepped inside, and felt the typical strange atmospherics of the warp. This time it was cool and dusky and everything was softly hazy—out of focus—as if the shop's contact with our world was tenuous. I

paused hesitantly within the doorway, gathering my courage, and then went on in. There were two persons inside. Behind the counter a man who looked in his thirties, tall and gaunt, and obviously in control of the situation. In front of the counter there was a portly gentleman in the street clothes of a priest, and the two were seriously discussing a weapon.

The room was crowded with weapons of every sort, and ancient coins, newspapers, etc. All the equipment that might be needed by the time traveler who was stocking up to enter some particular period. I looked at the priest and wondered when he might be from. And the gaunt dealer... was he from somewhere *ahead* of us on the spiral of time? It made me feel odd... an intruder in this place where a Mayan sun disk lay on a glass case that enclosed a display of pre-metallic-cartridge hand weapons; where an umbrella-stand-like container held upright a collection of swords and spears as anachronistic to each other as to me.

The gaunt stranger turned to me and asked what I wanted in a polite and even friendly manner.

"A swordcane," I replied.

Obviously this was a key phrase. I could see his knuckles whiten as he clenched the edge of the counter, and the vein in his temple throbbed. "A swordcane," he repeated. And then he asked with strange emphasis, "Do you live in New York City?"

That was it. That was the question I had to answer correctly or else....

I didn't know what I *should* answer. If I gave the wrong answer, what? And even worse, what if I gave the right answer? But it was too late to turn back. I decided. I told the truth. "Yes," I said.

He sighed and his hands left their claw-like grip on the edge of the counter. He relaxed, and I knew that I had given the *wrong* answer. I had identified myself as a mere casual weapons customer, and not one of Them. I was glad.

"If you live in New York City," he said, "you have to have a license to own a swordcane. It comes under the Sullivan Act. A concealed weapon."

"I bought a beautiful swordcane in Chinatown a few weeks ago," the priest said, and I realized that he was not one of Them either. That was undoubtedly why my presence had so disturbed the man behind the counter. The priest continued telling about this swordcane, and I enviously eyed some of the merchandise displayed in the store, aware that the clerk had something more to say to me as soon as his other client finished his dissertation.

Finally the priest came to the end of his story and stopped for breath.

"Do you know Sam the Umbrella Man?" the gaunt man asked.

I had heard of Sam, but I had never seen his place. I said, "Yes."

The stranger smiled a faint curious smile and said, "If you want a really nice swordcane, he can make one up for you. Fancy stuff."

I nodded. I had understood the implications of his statement. I knew what he meant. He had realized somehow that, although I was not one of Them, I had sensed the multi-dimensionality of the shop. And he was referring me to his higher-up, Sam the Umbrella Man. But why?

Was he sending me to Sam so that I could be initiated into Their ranks... so that I, too, could pass from time to time, and place to place, through the portals of these weapon shops?

Or did he think I was a snooper, and a thing to be destroyed? Was he sending me to Sam the Umbrella Man with a question that could mean only death... or worse?

I don't know. I haven't yet been able to work up enough nerve to go to Sam the Umbrella Man's to find out. I haven't even dared walk past and look in the windows.

But yesterday... Sunday... in the company of Harlan and Larry, I walked past the Weapons Shop. It was closed, resting in this dimension while its owner wandered elsewhere, I supposed.

As we walked past, I thought I heard footsteps behind us. But when I looked back, there was no one....

CHOOOG Vol. 2 No. 2, May 1957

A Surprise for

Harlan Ellison

IF HARLAN SEEMED UNUSUALLY subdued that afternoon it was because he had Things On His Mind. Mostly he was concerned with the government's mad desire to conscript him. Larry had talked to him on the phone, on Saturday, and we were supposed to meet him at his apartment Sunday around noon, to take him "somewhere". Exactly where was a little vague, and exactly why was even vaguer.

We got to the Ellison abode a little after noon. Rog Sims met us at the door. He let us in, took our coats, and staggered off wearily. He was recuperating from a housewarming someone had given the night (and morning) before down in the Village, and was not in a particularly sociable mood.

Charlotte, looking considerably more presentable than Rog, greeted us and informed us that Harlan was still in the shower. We all seated ourselves and commenced small talk, and in a moment, Harlan dashed, dripping from the shower and swaddled in a towel, into the hallway. He shouted, "I've got a great idea for a story!" and ran into the bedroom. After a few

moments we heard him growling to himself and finally he shouted his problem to us. "I can't find the part in my hair." He moaned and wailed about this for a while, and then cried out, "Roger, come help me!"

Rog ran off to see if he could help.

Shortly Harlan emerged from the bedroom wearing chinos, a black turtleneck sweater and a fatigue cap which Bill Bowman had given him (so he could practice soldiering). He wanted to know where we were going.

"To the station," Larry replied.

"Which station?" Harlan enquired.

"Hurry up," Larry told him, "or we'll be late."

With complaints at Larry's obscurity, Harlan hurried, and soon we three were walking down some Avenue. As we strolled, Harlan thrust a hand into a pocket (his pocket) and there was a wild jingling. Pennies, nickels, dimes and even quarters cascaded onto the sidewalk. Harlan had a hole in his pocket.

We gathered up the coins, fighting off spectators who thought it was raining money and finders-keepers. At last Harlan had most, if not all, of his change. So we proceeded onward, toward Larry-only-knew.

And then we stopped for coffee. Harlan protested that he thought we had been in a hurry. Larry replied that it wasn't that much of a hurry. So Larry and I had French toast, and Harlan had a steak. And we talked about fanzines and A. J. Budrys and Cordwainer Bird and such things. And finally we left.

We took the subway, and while waiting for the downtown IRT, Larry whipped out a New York Central timetable and began perusing it for a likely train to meet. There was one around 3 o'clock, which seemed like the most convenient time for us to meet a train, so he decided on it.

"Who are we meeting?" Harlan asked, and got another of Larry's markedly evasive answers.

"We'll walk over from Times Square," Larry said.

"Where are we going?" Harlan asked again. He finally wormed it out of Larry; we were going to Grand Central to meet a train. But his main question, namely "Why?" went unanswered.

We struggled off the train at Times Square and pushed into a small crowded bookshop where I looked for a *Hamlet* (I had left my regular one at 143 Sullivan), Harlan looked for *Eye In The Sky* (which wasn't on the stands yet) and Larry looked for that nameless and elusive book that he is always searching bookstalls for. (It wasn't there either.)

Sans books, we continued, walking through the chilly streets of Manhattan. I wanted to walk past the Weapons Shop and see if it were still in this dimension. It was.

We passed an ABC remote TV truck, and a couple of cops breaking into a parked car, and the Mansfield Hotel, and the Royal Publications office building, and arrived at Grand Central. We proceeded into the GC Drug Store, which has a magnificent display of paperback books. I got my *Hamlet* there and Harlan picked up a copy of *Wise Blood* by Flannery O'Connor.

Larry checked on the train and reported to us that it was late, so we went into the Oyster Bar for sodas. We ended up with plain ice cream, even though there was an "R" in the month. Then Larry deserted us again.

Harlan and I wandered out into the lower level of Grand Central and observed an MG spinning about on a turntable. In a fit of super-human strength, Harlan leaned over the rail, caught hold of the MG's rear bumper, and tried to stop its turning. He succeeded in slowing it considerably before the sharp edge of

the bumper on his fingers decided him to give up. I pointed out to him that the railing was unstable, and that if I hadn't been standing on the base of one of the supports, the turntable would have whirled him headlong into the MG.

Then we sought out Larry or vice versa and he told us that the train was late again. So we killed some more time, and finally it was almost four o'clock and we could go home. So Larry sought out a train unloading on the lower level, shouted, "That's it!" and we met the train.

"Who are we meeting?" Harlan asked.

"Pick somebody," Larry offered.

We waited, watching the people come off the train. And finally Larry broke down and told Harlan, "We were supposed to meet Magnus!"

Harlan was jubilant. Hooboy, Magnus! But then Magnus wasn't on the train. What could have happened to him? Suppose he came in to Pennsylvania Station instead? Maybe. If he came in and we missed him somehow, he'd probably go to the Ellison apartment, where he had oftimes been before. So we would return to the apartment to look/wait for John Magnus.

Harlan questioned deeper, when we were in the taxi on the way back. Why hadn't Magnus told *him* he was coming? Well, it was a surprise. And then Larry really looped Harlan by telling him, "Magnus is getting married."

"What?" Harlan screamed, "Without my permission?"

So Larry explained that Magnus was bringing the girl with him.

And we had one wild taxi ride back to Harlan's place.

Weary from an afternoon of wild waiting, we proceeded onto the elevator, and up to the fourth floor. There, we knocked on the Ellison door, and it was opened to us. Harlan stepped in and was confronted not by Magnus but by a vast group of his

friends, who had been brought together in order to give Harlan a surprise going-away party.

I couldn't begin to recount all the people that were there. It was a pleasant group, even if a bunch of the men did (as usual) end up in a corner talking business. (Never invite writers, editors and agents all to the same party.)

Things broke up in the early evening and, after most of the guests were gone, Harlan entertained those of us remaining by accompanying a banjo record with his new bongo drums.

Since Harlan had an engagement he couldn't join us, but Charlotte came and so did Bowman, and we went to a Chinese restaurant in the neighborhood for supper. It was a terrific meal, and a fine evening.

Afterwards we went up to the Ellison apartment and watched *Dawn Patrol* on TV.

All around, one enjoyable day, although Larry and I were both bushed bytimes the ferry had brought us again to the Staten Island shores.

CHOOOG Vol. 2 No. 3, May 1957

Lindbergh, Buck Rogers and Progress Department

IT IS A 72-POINT (or maybe even larger) Big Day in New York. According to someone's estimate, approximately (or was it "over"?) four million people jammed the streets today to attend the public display of Our Spaceman. That's better'n half the local population, though the way I reckon it, some of them may have come in from outside the city line to indulge, so maybe it wasn't an actual half of the city of New York out there cheering for Mastery of Space.

I missed it myself. I went to work instead. For that, I get paid. It has a certain charm.

The boys on the radio this a.m. (the ones who make noise and weather reports at me while I pour coffee into myself) kept saying this was anticipated to be a bigger blast than the one the city threw for Charles Lindbergh when he returned from his history-making flight. Well, Glenn travelled farther faster, and that's progress.

What I don't understand is why, in all this talk of space flight and such, no one has mentioned our old friend, Buck Rogers.

[later] The world is full of words, the air is sodden with them and they weary the ears and numb the senses. There is talk and parade and pageant to the point that there is no impact—nothing.

And then they show you the films, the face of a man in a space capsule, the voices riding on sines of static... the sudden problem, the change in instructions, and the question "Why?" And, mighod, this is real, isn't it?

And we creepy, crawly human creatures are poking our noses across another horizon, aren't we?

High winds at Kittyhawk...

—Self-Preservation #2, Spring 1962

Soundless Evening

THE HOLOVISION WAS TURNED low, its play of colors muted to soft pastels, and the accompanying music barely audible. The windows, set at *translucent,* glowed with the warmth of the twilight beyond them. The ventilating system fed the room with air that was fresh and pure, pumped directly from outdoors. All the world was soft, and warm, and comfortable.

Settled in his favorite easy chair, Winston Adamson sipped a fresh vegetable-juice cocktail and spied on his daughter from the corner of his eye. He felt a pleasant amusement in watching her.

She stood beside the cat's bed, gazing with rapt curiosity at Tammy and the kittens. Five of them in the litter. Mewling, squirming little furry lumps of life. Tammy's first offspring. Even where he sat, Winston could hear Tammy's soft contented purring.

The child, Lorette, was Thea and Winston Adamson's third at the present. Not the third-born. There had been two others between the first two and this little girl. He found himself suddenly thinking of those two. Jimmy and Beth. Both gone now. But there was still Lorette. She had the same brightness of

eye, the same small pouched mouth, the eager hands—always curious, always exploring. The pleasure he took in watching her was the same.

Charming children, he told himself with pride. It was a shame that kids couldn't stay that way—all cute and cuddly and small.

Something vaguely unpleasant touched the edge of his contentment, drawing a withered brown line along it. His oldest boy, Bob, wasn't turning out at all the way he had hoped. The boy was full of foolish ideas about wanting to *change* the world. *Change* perfection!

Dammitall, why?

But as the question formed itself, Winston shoved it away. He refused to examine it. He didn't like questions. He rarely asked them of himself. Most had been answered for him long before it might have occurred to him to ask. It was better this way. The chair was comfortable. The house was comfortable. The world was comfortable. Winston was satisfied. He couldn't understand why everyone else wasn't just as content.

Now his older daughter, Nancy, made perfectly good sense. She never seemed to think of anything but boys. A few more years, and she'd be married, with offspring of her own in the making. It pleased him to think of her.

Lorette glanced toward him. Catching his eyes on her, she smiled. He knew he was going to miss that smile, just as he missed Jimmy's. And Beth's. But he was still young. There would be more children, other smiles.

A bell chimed as the front door opened. That would be Thea back from her errands. As she came in from the entryway, Lorette ran to her. She gave the child a quick peck of a kiss, then turned to the mirror at her side. A light flicked itself on, illuminating her face. She removed her hat carefully, not disturbing the precise pattern of curls that capped her skull.

Lorette left her mother, returning her attention to the little

life forms sucking strength from their own mother's body.

Thea said, "I confirmed our names on the waiting list, but it may be years before anything turns up."

"Too bad," Winston muttered with a shrug. "I'd rather have liked to keep this one."

Thea nodded, but she seemed distracted. Her eyes glittered. "You should have seen the people at Life Administration. Some of them were actually begging for permits. I mean it, Win, actually begging."

She dropped into her favorite chair with a sigh, and went on, "One woman *cried.* In public. Believe me, it was humiliating to see. And it's not as if they didn't know.... "

Just the idea of seeing a person cry was disquieting. Winston recoiled from the thought. He didn't want to hear about it. But Thea seemed to be taking morbid delight in telling him all of the sordid details. He sat still, trying not to hear the words she poured at him.

The image of a woman crying in public persisted in his mind. He railed at it, resenting it. The woman had no right to do such a thing. She'd certainly known beforehand what the situation was. Everyone knew.

It was all so simple, so logical, so reasonable. There was a limit to the population the planet could support in comfort. That limit had been reached long ago. For a time, during the age of the Emotionalist Revolution, there had been chaos. But when the furor died down, cooler heads prevailed. With the return to sense and sanity, a logical solution had been sought—and found.

A life permit was issued to every individual. It entitled him to reproduce and rear one offspring—one human to take the place of one human. A pair of children to each couple. Simple. One for one.

Since not every individual did reproduce a replacement for himself, the permits of those who died childless could be

redistributed, allowing some couples to rear a third child to its adulthood. The population balance was maintained constant.

But children were so—well—*cute.*

With or without logic, people wanted children. They wanted to fondle baby forms, cuddle toddlers, bask in the unquestioning and unqualified love given by the very young. So there was no official attempt to limit the number—not of *little* ones.

After all, very small children took up very little space and were a very small drain on the world's resources. It wasn't until they grew—not officially until they reached the age of five—that they were considered to become individuals, and a concern of society as a whole.

Lorette would be five tomorrow.

"I brought the capsule and arranged the pickup," Thea said.

Winston nodded. Looking toward his daughter, he said, "It's bedtime, honey."

"Now?"

"Yes, now."

"Can't I watch Tammy's babies? Just a while more?"

"No."

She pouted, but she didn't argue.

"Give daddy a big hug," he told her.

She came to him, throwing her arms around his neck. He felt the warmth of her body, and he remembered Jimmy and Beth.

"Come along to bed." Thea took the child's hand.

Laughing, Lorette began to tell her mother some story about Tammy and the kittens.

"Be sure you drink all your milk," Winston called after them as Thea led the child from the room.

He leaned back, sipping his cocktail and not thinking anything at all. He reclined in quiet, blank comfort, hardly aware of the soft music and Tammy's steady purr.

When Thea returned, he asked, "You gave her the capsule?"

Thea nodded. Wordlessly, she passed by him and went on into her bedroom.

He found himself getting to his feet. For no reason he went to Lorette's room. She was curled on her side in the bed, her hair in a loose tow tousle, her face soft and smooth by the dim nightlight. Small pink lips. Long pale lashes. A tiny ear, perfectly formed, half-hidden under stray hair. The sheet over her stirred slightly at the gentle shallow motion of her breathing.

Even as he watched, the motion stopped.

He turned his back. The collection service would be here soon. They would take care of everything now, just as they had twice before. It was all very simple.

He walked back into the living room. Tammy was still purring. The silence seemed very deep, the purr very loud. He looked down at the squirming suckling pieces of Tammy's self that worked their dim-formed forepaws at her belly.

Suddenly, for no reason at all that he could understand, Winston began to cry.

—*Again Dangerous Visions*, 1972

Return of the Red Baron

MEMORIAL DAY, AND IT was hot. The stubble of grass in the field was a parched, thirsty color. Dust hung heavy in the air and the strips of blacktop were soft underfoot. I stood with my hand in front of my face, shielding my eyes from the burning glare of the sun.

The airplane was painted in a gaudy pattern of red and white, vivid against the intense blue of the sky. It made a low pass across the field and the man standing on the upper wing waved at the crowd of spectators. At the end of the strip the plane climbed and rolled onto its back, the wing-walker suspended upside-down in mid-air.

> Airplanes in 1927 were not part of an impersonal big business to be watched across square miles of concrete from behind an iron fence. An army "pursuit" was more than just a vapor trail at 40,000 feet.... Airplanes flew low, they flew right over towns, sometimes right across your roof top. Small boys, and their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, ran outside to look up and yell

> when an airplane was heard roaring overhead. "... Hey, Pop, hey, he's landing! I heard him shut down his motor. Hey, Pop, he'll land in the big field over by the gravel pit."
> —Lesley Forden, *Glory Gamblers*, New York: Ballantine, 1961.

But that was 1927 and this is 1964. The Ryan NYP that was the glory of the sky in 1927 is a museum piece now. The barnstorming gypsy pilots are memories on celluloid in the small hours of the morning.

On this hot Memorial Day in 1964, I stood gazing into the intense blue of the New Jersey sky, watching a memory, a manifestation of the imagination, turned to reality.

We had driven out from New York to see an air show, expecting an exhibition of skydivers and probably some Air Force planes doing formation flying as part of a recruiting promotion. It had not occurred to us, or to me, at least, that as we drove over the highway into New Jersey, we were driving back through the decades....

The sound of engines, as we neared the field, and I looked out the window... the red and white biplane, a Stearman(?), cutting through the sky, making a pass at a Great Lakes, looping in a mock dogfight....

Finally at the field, crowding up against the snow-fence, we looked at the planes that had flown in for the show... an immaculate Pitcairn Mailwing, a sporty Ryan of the thirties, a P-51 Mustang looking like an anachronism in this company, a 5-cylinder radial-engined monowing that may have been a Mohawk Pinto—and more—biplanes, monos, sports planes, ex-military craft, fabric-covered private planes. Spectators lounged in the shadows of the wings, and parked here and there among the planes were huge similarly immaculate automobiles of the same and earlier vintages.

A P–47 took off and disappeared in the distance past the control tower.

At the far end of the field the rest of the fly-in spectators were parked. These were the planes we had all heard about during WWII . . . the private planes that "would be as common after the war as automobiles . . . the personal plane that every common man would have. . . . " The dream of a truly common man's plane as easy to keep as a car is one that we've forgotten during the past couple of decades, but looking at those machines, parked in rows, packed in like the cars in a supermarket parking lot, I could almost believe that it had come true. I was amazed to see them in such quantity, ranging from many and many a small light craft, the equivalent of the Piper Cub, to two-engined executive models.

We watched the private planes taxi out and take off, one after another, during the intermission, and then moved on along the snow-fence to the other end of the field.

The circus planes were parked here: the Stearman and two Great Lakes, though we did not see the second GL in the air. This was the Jocelyn-Parsons-Trauger Aerobatic Team.

Two men stood talking together near the planes. One, wearing casual clothes, was Bob Trauger, we learned. The other, in orange coveralls, must have been Lindsay Parsons or Rod Jocelyn, I think. He seemed to belong to the Stearman.

Trauger climbed into the cockpit of one of the GL's, while his buddy stood by the wing holding up a hand toward the control tower. He got a reply to his signal, walked to the front of the plane, and put his hands to the propellor. He turned it several times and then I heard him call out "Contact!" He heaved the prop again and the engine fired, a cone of proplash ruffling out the grass behind the plane.

Trauger slipped on his helmet and goggles, then taxied out to

take off. His buddy sat down, crosslegged, on the grass and watched.

The Great Lakes was beautiful. It climbed into the sun, looped, dove, variously performed, and as a finale skimmed along upsidedown, shattering a string of balloons suspended about 25 feet off the ground.

But I was already in love with the Stearman. It had been love at first sight.

The Stearman had gone up for a solo performance shortly after we arrived at the field. We had stood at the snow-fence, watching, as it cleared the ground and, seeming hardly more than half its wingspan above the field, rolled onto its back and skimmed along to the end of the strip.

It climbed straight up, stalled and fell off, dove, pulled out just off the grass and climbed again into an exhibition of the manoeuvres of the barnstormer.

I had gazed, open-mouthed, as ecstatic as any young yokel of 1927 getting his first look at a sky-gypsy in action. I had fallen in love with an airplane.

It is a futile infatuation. The last airplane—in fact the only one—I have known personally was a Piper Cub which has probably gone to the knackers long since.

I was goofing off for the summer, between the first and second grades at the time. In those days we lived a couple of blocks from the Lake in Lake Worth, Florida, and my buddy, LeRoy, and I would play at the lakeside near the bridge.

Suddenly one day we discovered an airplane there . . . a yellow Piper Cub with floats. My most vivid recollection of this is of standing on one float and banging on the fabric of the plane, listening to a somewhat drum-like reverberation. In retrospect, I am astonished that the two young men who came with the plane indulged us kids so. But they were quite friendly toward us, letting us peer inside and such. They were selling rides, but I

don't recall seeing the plane go up often. And after a very short stay, it disappeared again.

It was several years later that I got my first airplane ride. That was a high point of my childhood.

My parents were mortally afraid of flying machines, but my mother evidently had more adventure in her soul than she would admit. She, a cousin and I were vacationing on a dirt-farm belonging to some one of the mass of relatives she had scattered throughout the South. The farm was near Dunnellen, Florida, and the relatives of uncertain relationship were Lamar and his wife, Mallie (their sons used to earn pocket money by catching snakes for Ross Allen).

Lamar had a friend who had a Taylorcraft, and he arranged for the three of us to go joyriding. First he took up my mother, and when she found herself safe on the ground again, she let my cousin go. I went up last.

I settled into the seat behind the pilot and up we went. I sat there, staring at the ground in awe.

The pilot asked me, "Are you afraid?" and I answered that I wasn't, so he asked if I would like to fly the airplane. When I answered in the eager affirmative, he told me to take hold of the stick.

I grasped it gently, loosely. Even at that tender age I was a devotee of Richard Arlen movies and knew, as every child of the era did, that it is a cardinal sin to freeze up on the stick.

Then he held up his hands to show me that the plane was in my control, and for several minutes I was in figurative as well as literal heaven.

When we set down again and my mother hugged me to her bosom, I learned that he had asked each of them if they were afraid and both had answered yes. He had not offered either of them the opportunity to take the controls. That peak of achievement had been exclusively mine. And for many years it

sustained me as an adventurer among my less fortunate playmates.

But that was a long, long time ago.

It is 1964 now, and when the spectacular finale of the air show was done, nobody was selling joyrides in a biplane. So we just watched as the fly-in spectators flew out again.

We watched the Stearman take off and circle while the Great Lakes followed him up. They flew away together.

Then we drove back to New York, talking about the days when one built model airplanes out of sticks and slabs of balsa wood instead of preformed plastic.

Along about the same time I was socializing with the friendly Piper Cub, my brother was living in a world of balsa wood and banana oil. His specialty was rubber-powered free-flight and one year he was state champion in this class.

He had his own room, which was a very special place, semi-forbidden. But I was allowed in occasionally when he was there, to watch and admire. And one day he brought me home a 5¢ kit of my own to build. But my cat had different ideas and I never managed to get the fuselage together. Every time I started assembling it, she would take the earliest opportunity to disassemble it.

She seemed to have a special interest in the planes. When she was anticipating her first offspring, she insisted that they should be born in the box where my brother kept assembled wings. He was even more insistent, though, so she ended up having three kittens in my mother's hat (which was on a shelf in the closet at the time).

I didn't go in for building flying models myself. I guess that subconsciously I knew I didn't stand a chance against my brother's record. So I built solid models, and until he was shipped overseas, my brother would regularly send me home kits while he was in the Air Corps.

I never approached him in craftsmanship in that department either, though. His solid models were things of beauty.

I don't know what ever became of the models he built or the many ribbons and sets of "Comet" wings he won. My mother has an unfortunate passion of house-cleaning which may have accounted for some of them. But the model Stinson Reliant he gave me was last seen among the mass of belongings I left stored in the attic when I moved. And the set of silver "Comet" wings which he let me have (he specialized in the gold ones—First Prize awards) are in my present collection of Very Special Things, along with the dog-tags and service ribbons he gave me when he Got Out.

Well, my brother was always a Very Special Person to me. He is ten years older than I, which is a pretty good arrangement for siblings. That way the older one can be a Hero instead of a Rival.

—*Self-Preservation* #5, August 1964

The Truth About

Steam

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I have gotten myself a copy of the *Fancyclopedia #2* and I spent yestere'en browsing through it reading my egoboo.

I find that while I have a number of quibbles with it, I have only one major bone to pick. That regards STEAM.

I realize that the confused entry in *Fancy II* is now a part of the written history of our microcosmos, and that the world will little note nor long remember my attempt in these pages to clarify the situation. However, in hopes that some researcher of the future generations will diligently delve into these remote records and find the truth of the matter, I would like to present opinion and documents in the case of STEAM to clarify the situation. After all, what is history, some wag once noted in different words, but mythology some scholar has signed his name to and gotten into print?

In the beginning, the entry in *Fancy II* is, to the best of my knowledge, quite correct. It states:

> STEAM (Watt: Bulmer) During a visit by Walt Willis to the Epicentre, Ken Bulmer noticed the lid of a teakettle

> being lifted by a strange force that seemed to reside in the vapor of the boiling water, and speculated on the possibility of harnessing this energy for transportation and other socially useful ends.

However, from there on the author-compiler [Dick Eney] goes astray:

> Owing to international patent difficulties a competitive organization, Hoffmanothing [sic] Inc, was formed independently in the United States to supply the needs of the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company.

For one thing, that should be HoffmaNothing, Inc. For another, although my memory may be failing in my old age, I can't remember that HoffmaNothing ever had any *direct* connection with steam. In the way of large corporations, it was closely united to the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company (which made its own steam, as well as mashed potatoes) in a financial way. Both were part of a master financial octopus of myriad corporations with a common directorate, all headed by a power-mad majority (in fact *sole*) stockholder who was sort of a curly-headed Daddy Warbucks, in spirit, if not pocketbook.

And although there were international patent difficulties, these did not arise until *after* the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company and the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Corporation came into conflict over similar processes arrived at independently. This had nothing whatsoever to do with the actual formation of HoffmaNothing.

"[Fort Mudge is a part of the Pogo mythos]," inserts the author-compiler. I hope he didn't intend to imply that Fort Mudge is a myth, because he definitely knows better. (My handy pocket copy of the *Modern Webster Dictionary and Word Book,*

which I never rely on, defines a myth as "legend; poetic fiction; fable; product of the imagination; lie.") I'm afraid, though, that some of the younger readers may misunderstand and conclude that Fort Mudge is a figment of Walt Kelly's fertile magination. It is not. I have seen it myself.

Fort Mudge, long celebrated in song and story in the Pogo strips, was first discovered to Western civilization by that noted astronomer, Bob ("Wilson") Tucker (after whom, you may know, the noted Mt. was named). Early in the 1950's he calculated its location to be on U.S. Route 1, between Waycross and Racepond. Shortly thereafter, it was actually visited by the noted explorer of the vast body known as North America, Walter A. Willis, who was taken by the native to be a honeymooner.

A later expedition into the interior in search of it was undertaken by Ken and Pamela Bulmer, accompanied by other unidentified fans (including the now apparently extinct Jesse Floyd). It was not completely successful, as U.S. 1 had been widened between Waycross and Racepond, and no evidence of Fort Mudge could then be found. However, it definitely *was* there previously.

> Hoffmanothing stocks were later taken over by Ashworth's Amorphous Abstracts, Ltd, of England after a prolonged lawsuit between the former and the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company. (They proved to consist largely of colored steam.)

A base canard. If Ashworth was sold a quantity of colored steam under the impression that it comprised the stock of HoffmaNothing, he would undoubtedly buy the Brooklyn Bridge, too, if offered it at a good price. The stock of HoffmaNothing (which had nothing directly to do with steam,

being primarily petrol-powered — two-stroke, of course), being primarily beef bouillon, is still in the possession of the original owner. AAA's colored steam is obviously a figment of someone's imagination.

Fancy II concluded:

> After a conference at Cleveland Hoffwoman and Bulmer organized an international group, Fair Steam, to supply the white kind for general use.

More confusion, since this would seem to imply that FAIR STEAM is the common, ordinary sort of white steam in general use. That this is not so will be made obvious, I believe, by the concluding paper of the appended documents.

The following documents are reprinted from *Quandry* #26, dated latter October 1952.

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS OF

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO.

MAIN OFFICE: 96TH FLOOR OF THE METROPOLITAN BLDG.,
DOWNTOWN FORT MUDGE, GEORGIA
SAVANNAH BRANCH: 101 WAGNER STREET, SAVANNAH, GA.
OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVE: WALTER A. WILLIS,
170 UPPER NEWTOWNARDS RD., BELFAST, N.I.

September 24, 1952
also
24 September 1952

Bulmer & Clarke, Ltd.

Gentlemen,

It has been brought to our attention that Mr. H. Kenneth Bulmer, whom we had hitherto known only in his capacity

(.000001 mfd.) as editor of *Nirvana,* has for some time been engaged not only to Pamela Buckmaster but on research into other fascinating subjects such as the harnessing of the latent energy of *steam.* We would like to draw his attention to the fact that THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO. has also been pursuing this subject and has made considerable progress in the field.

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY has, in brief, invented and developed a species of musical instrument using the energy of *steam,* which it is confident is on sound lines. The instrument has been praised by no less an authority that Mr. P.T. Bridgeport, who says:

[QUOTE]

EXCELLENT

[UNQUOTE]

and who is willing to offer the project his financial backing to the extent of several IOU's for $20. It is the hope of THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY and Mr. Bridgeport that through the collaboration of our research departments it may be found possible to develop a combined Steam Calliope and Locomotive for the highly specialized industry of *circus trains.*

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY proposes in the near future to send one of its travelling representatives to call on you and discuss this project.

Your esteamed servants,
L. Hoffman & W. Willis

BULMER AQUEOUS VAPOUR CO.

'Damn The Torpedoes...'

HEAD OFFICE: 'The Epicentre', 84 Drayton Park, Highbury, LONDON, N.5.
LOW OFFICE: 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent.
BRANCH OFFICE: Rainham, Little Dagenham and East Coast Steam Transport Co., 'Carolin', Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex.

Madam,

We are in receipt of a letter from your concern, 'The Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company' and the information contained therein with regard to your product, the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope.

It is evident that whilst 'pursuing this subject' you have not yet caught up with the fact that the so-called Fort Mudge Steam Calliope is directly infringing our patents of aqueous vapour and its applications in many fields, and in the home (a number of summonses pending). And even if you use this 'calliope' as a house-organ, our legal representative, Mr C. Harris of Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle & Harris, advises us that we will have a sound case for action.

We must ask you to cease and desist forthwith from the manufacture of Fort Mudge Steam Calliopes and: 'all of any products using the vapour resulting from molecular agitation inducted by artificial means to compounds of hydrogen and oxygen and/or all utilisation of the chemical compounds, gases, etc., resulting from said molecular agitation and/or energy resulting from such processes...' to quote our patents No's SFN 9485392/3-4.

We would point out that since Mr Bulmer's initial discovery, which has led to the founding of the Aqueous Vapour Company, all unauthorised research into this

highly dangerous and complicated process has been forbidden, in view of possible military uses of these processes, and it would be as well if un-informed concerns did their best not to impede our progress. This particularly applies to methods involving traction and towing of circus caravans as mentioned in your letter. We would advise you not to change hawsers in the middle of the steam.

We do not wish to seem harsh and we are willing to concede that we have no claim on a calliope per se, if it does not utilise Steam (Regd. Trade Mark). For instance, a calliope running on cold mashed potatoes would be perfectly legal.

We remain, Madam,
Vin¢
pp Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY

INTER OFFICE MEMO

SUBJECT: communication from Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.
TO: Branch Office
FROM: Overseas Representative

1. It has been definitely established that calliopes cannot be operated successfully on cold mashed potatoes. This was clearly demonstrated when the Murphy Cold Mashed Potato Calliope Co. went into liquidation some time ago, along with

its associate company The Fort Mudge French Fried Federation. It was found that although their machine had the advantage of providing the audience with nourishing food during calliope recitals, the strain of avoiding the flying fragments of potato was too much for the sensitive music lovers.

2. The ignorance of these elementary facts displayed in the above letter led me to suspect that the great Bulmer was not consulted when it was written, and that indeed he is unaware of the lone fight being waged by the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co. for Art and Beauty. Accordingly I made investigations in London and discovered to my horror that the great Bulmer is actually immured in a garret known as The Epicentre, ignorant of the fact that the *entire building is being demolished.* (The normal appearance of this place is such that he does not suspect anything.) The great man is loftily occupied with *Nirvana* and his multifarious inventions and is totally ignorant that his name is being used as a front by Clarke. When The Epicentre finally collapses, burying the great Bulmer in the ruins, Clarke intends to take complete control of the firm with the aid of the shyster lawyers Harris, Harris and Harris (Snoopwhistle is a good kid). All this is quite obvious from the present name of the firm, for A. Vincent Clarke clearly intends to drop the 'Bulmer' as soon as possible and leave just 'Aqueous Vapour Company'—i.e., AVC.
3. It is vital to the future of the steam calliope that Bulmer be rescued from the clutches of these fiends before it is *too late.*

Walter A. Willis
Overseas Representative

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO.

SAVANNAH BRANCH

Messers K. Bulmer and V. Clarke

Gentlemen,

Apparently, to judge from your recent letter of the Thursdayth, you are suffering from a misapprehension concerning your patents and their applications. Perhaps you have failed to consult directly with the firm of Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris, as I am familiar to some extent with the international reputation of this firm and believe it to be of the highest calibre and quite familiar with the intricacies of a case such as this. So I will endeavor to inform you of your misconception.

First, gentlemen, your patents are not recognized in the Confederate Swamp of America. Indeed, few if any patents issued by foreign governments are recognized in the swamp (due to the large words used by legal minds in foreign countries). I suggest that you take up any phases of this which you do not understand with our European representative, a Mr. Walter Alexandrew Willis of *Belfast*, somewhere in Ireland.

Possibly you have been misled in your reasoning by our mailing address, which is in Savannah, Ga., USA. This is for convenience, as the swamp-operated post office (owned and operated by Messers Regular Curtis Chug-Chug and The Real McGee) is not equipt to handle the volume of mail sent to the FMSCC. Then too, it is a well known fact that the US Post Office operates at a loss. Rather than operate a post office of our own at a similar loss, we find it expedient to let the US government officials who are experts at that sort of thing do it for us.

So you see, your patents are useless to you in connection with the FMSCC.

It is also apparent from your illiterate letter that you are far from acquainted from the workings and history of the Steam Calliope.

Altho the art of steam calliope was well known to the Phoenicians, it disappeared from historical records until 352 BC, some years before the death of Alexander the Great, when a young Greek philosopher named Vladimus Steamius hung a set of reeds over the family stove. Steam from a pot of boiling water was sent through the pipes with such force as to produce sound. Young Steamius, immediately inspired, sat down at his work table and, after thirty-seven hours without food or sleep, fainted away. His father, disgusted with his idle dreamer of a son, sold him to slave-traders and he was never heard of again.

Merely five years later, three young Egyptians combined their talents to produce a musical instrument operated by steam. But for some reason the steam harp was never very successful.

Steam for use with musical instruments reappeared on the scene in 157 BC when Sopholaticus II invented the first steam trombone, but since he knew no one who could play a trombone, his instrument was doomed to failure, and Sopholaticus himself spent his latter years ragged and domed.

It was during the Italian Renaissance that a young statesman, Ludowici Steamiavelli, assigned three artisans of whom he was patron to the task of producing a steam-powered musical instrument. One of these, Ravioli Mudgetti, was successful in creating a steam calliope. It was he who founded the Napoli Steam Calliope and Gondola Fabricatorium of Ravioli and Giovanni Mudgetti.

In 1529 young Giovanni married a Britsh girl named Amelia Fort and travelled to the New World, where he settled in the wilderness and continued following the trade of his father.

Around his simple shop grew the town of Fort Mudge.

Until recent years the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co. has confined its work and research to musical applications of steam, having produced in its laboratories great numbers of steam instruments, including the world's *only* A-flat steam-operated triangle. But in 1949 we opened newer and bigger research laboratories, and our scientists began research into the various untapped fields of steam research.

As to locomotion by the steam-powered vehicles previously mentioned, we do not yet have the facilities for full-scale research and experimentation, not to mention production, due to a curtailment of non-essential activities because of our participation in the war effort. (We are the South's largest manufacturer of steam-bugles.) We feel that at present your firm is undoubtedly better equipt for such work. We hesitate to delve into the engineering of a "locomotive" under present conditions until we are certain that no suitable arrangements can be made with your firm.

We do, however, feel that it is imperative that research on locomotives get under way as soon as possible, as we have in our warehouses some 15,000 steam locomotive whistles for which there is absolutely *no* market at present. We do not expect the market to improve until the invention of the steam locomotive.

We do not wish to impede your progress in any way, but we do want to dispose of these whistles as they are getting dusty and we do not wish to be put to the extra expense of hiring janitors to dust them off. This seems unnecessary and futile to us.

We feel that a suitable arrangement can be reached between our two firms. We would like to hear from you as soon as possible on the subject.

Yours,

Lee Hoffman

Business Representative

From the LetterCol of *Quandry* #29
Dated May or June or so, 1953....

Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.
'Damn the Torpedoes...'

Slandry

Madam,

In view of your remarks in the semi-ititterate magazine 'Qauanadaray' we have again been in communication with Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris (including the Harris who recently stood too near an unsuccessful experiment with Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) and can now only be reached by seance), and they regard the statements made therein as ludicrous... almost laughable.

A reference to De Vermis Mysteriis by Ludvig Prinn (published by Robertus Bloch the Younger and available in almost any deserted crypt) shows that Vladimus Steamius, far from being sold to slave traders, would not be accepted by them, even as a gift, and after organizing a Bigus Pondus Fundus ('organisation for aid in crossing water'), landed in Britain in 351 BC. Alexander the Great on hearing of this daring venture is reported to have remarked 'Duuuuh!' (He was 5 years old at the time.)

Vladimus Steamius founded the Epicentre soon afterwards and died in 401 BC, having resolutely declined in his later years to be associated with any system of dates that ran backwards. In our forthcoming epic, '2,400 Years of Fanzine Publishing or The Immortal Steam', we go at great if not boring length into details of the History.

You must understand that, until recently, it was the

aesthetic value of Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) that fascinated the initiated. As Sri Rhabid Ghu-Psittacosis said after contemplating his bird-bath for 78 years, 'It is only through Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) that we will attain NIRVANA, the evanescent all-ness in nothing-ness.' The fact that renegade colonials and Foreigners were using Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) for musical purposes was in no way objectionable except to the ear. (One recalls Handel's notorious Oratorio for Choir and Sixteen Steam Calliopes.)

However, Mr. Bulmer, in that daring flight of the imagination already recorded in your uh little magazine, suddenly saw the significance of Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) in the light of 20th-century materialistic progress, and we regard with suspicion any prior claims, especially by the FMSCC research organisation, and they do not appear to be using the original substance whose molecular disintegration produces aqueous vapour. Your Mr. Willis [don't accuse me, he isn't mine!] recently handed us a small sealed bottle, labeled with a skull-and-crossbones and the legends 'OKEFENOKEE' and '99&44/100%' containing about 5 fluid drams of what for want of a better word he called 'water'... in fact, 'swamp water' and presumably the substance used by the FMSCC. On opening the bottle a disgusting odor of decomposing opossums became evident.

We are now waiting on a detailed analysis from Mr. H. J. Campbell, F.C.S., F.R.H.S, M.S.C.I., F.B.I.S, but confidently expect the 'water' will prove markedly inefficient if not actually dangerous. In view if this and the uh softening influence now operating on Mr. Bulmer's life, we are ready to draw up a contract on the following terms as laid out by Mr. Bulmer Himself:

PROPOSED TERMS

The Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co., hereinafter known as the Company, will, subject to certain definite conditions and limitations, grant the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co., hereinafter known as the party of the second part, a provisional license, non-contractual and non-binding, for the consummation of partially-used aqueous vapour, provided that said partially-used vapour is not at any time used for propulsion, braking, jetting, pumping, drawing or cleaning any extraneous mechanism with the exception of Fort Mudge Steam Calliopes, and providing that a series of whistles as determined by the official representative of the Company be affixed to each and every steam calliope owned and/or operated by the party of the second part, said whistles to play the BAVC anthem before and after every and each concert, song or rendition wheresoever given, the partially-used vapour to be acquired from the Company at a sum to be fixed upon by the legal representatives, and all responsibility for the carriage of said partially-used vapour to rest with the party of the second part.

Awaiting the favour of your early reply,

We remain,

Yr. rspctfl & Obdt. srvnts,

[X]

pp Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.

FMSCC reply: Foosh to you, sirs, Foosh.

And, finally, from "...forty four forty or fight..." a FAPAzine dated September, 1955, we present the text of a full-page announcement:

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY

The Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company

In collaboration
Proudly announce their revolutionary new product

FAIR STEAM

This brand new idea will entirely change the whole concept of International Relations. Try some on your friends....

FURTHERANCE of AMICABLE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Allow some to drift into a room—cordiality appears at once.

for the **FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO.** ...Lee Hoffman...

for the **Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.** ..H. K. Bulmer.....

Cleveland, 13th World Science Fiction Convention.
3rd September, 1955
A meeting at the summit.

LeeH here: I have presented the above documents in the hope that they will bring the Truth to the scholars and serious enthusiasts of steam amongst the audience.

—*Self-Preservation* #3, Summer 1962

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